

2 Live Crew: Celebrating inhumanity

I'll admit I enjoyed a few chuckles at Gov. Bob Martinez's expense as satirists and cartoonists lampooned his recent, unavailing attempt to liken 2 Live Crew, the Miami rap group, to organized crime racketeers.

Who could resist smirking as Martinez — looking sillier by the second — tried to explain to a national television audience that if they had seen the words in the rap group's hit album, *As Nasty As They Wanna Be*, they'd want to censor it too.

A teen-aged girl asked: "Are you living in a fantasy world? You don't

like abortion. You don't like sex education. Everything have to do with sex, you go and have a fit. Are you married?" The question is featured in this week's Newsweek magazine.

We were vindicated in our smugness when Statewide Prosecutor Peter Antonacci declined Martinez's request to investigate 2 Live Crew, suggesting that, as offensive as their records may be, they were not engaged in a criminal enterprise. Antonacci said the issue should be left to local courts, which can determine if the lyrics are obscene by community standards (as a Broward judge did Friday).

Martinez, we joked, fired his elephant gun at a flea — and missed.

And now where does that leave us? Can 2 Live Crew now take all this wonderful, free publicity to spread their fame more widely than ever while the rest of us go back to

PLEASE SEE FIEDLER, 4C



TOM FIEDLER
POLITICAL
EDITOR

The great lesson for cutting-edge art

Staff writer Fred Grimm reports from The Herald's Atlanta Bureau.

SKULL SHOALS, Ga. — The most provocative piece of art ever exhibited in the modern South remains in rusting exile, out on a knoll in a barren field turned to mud by winter rain, deep in rural Georgia, far from the riotous crowd.

The only thing separating the place from nowhere would have been the community of Skull Shoals, but Skull Shoals, though the site of North America's first pulpwood paper mill and its second cotton gin, is nothing now but a few scattered bricks and some dim memories, not worth a road sign or even a dot on the official map of Georgia.

So when people say the Iron Horse can be found "out in the middle of nowhere," they commit only a mild embellishment. Surely, "nowhere" was considered the only

place safe from the crazed reaction the horse once caused among young Georgians.

The horse is still a startling sight, 100 yards off Highway 15, as it stands 11-feet tall, 12-feet long, more than a ton of boilerplate steel welded into this giant creature.

But still, it was something less than I expected. This was, after all, a piece of abstract sculpture that drove students at the University of Georgia into a mad, destructive frenzy, a work so unsettling that administrators would not bother to intervene on behalf of art or ideas.

I had been expecting something so strange that my imagination could hardly conjure up what this horse must look like, a riot-provoking, arson-provoking, principle-for-saking war-horse. Surely, I thought, if nothing else, it won't look much like a horse.

And I was prepared to dislike it, even commit a small one-man riot in a lonely field, an act of solidarity with those now aging students in our futile protest against great stark metal abstractions, huge indecipherable and ugly tangles of iron cluttering about America's public plazas, paid for by unwilling taxpayers.

PLEASE SEE IRON HORSE, 4C



FRED GRIMM

Ethnic politics in Miami? Welcome to America!

Maurice A. Ferre, born in Puerto Rico, is the former mayor of Miami (1973-85). His article for The Herald is adapted from a recent talk during a "Tension in Miami" lecture series at Pinecrest Presbyterian Church.

By MAURICE A. FERRE

We in Dade County, through our battles over language, perhaps serve as the leading example in our country today of xenophobia. By and large, I believe the English-first, English-only and anti-bilingualism movements that have arisen here in recent years have been the result of bigotry at worst and fear of foreigners at best.

Xenophobia, of course, is not new in America.

One only need to read the history of the immigration debates in Congress and the actual immigration laws of our past 100 years: From

the 1870s until the turn of the century, our immigration laws tilted against Jews and Eastern Europeans; in the 1900s, against Southern Italians; in 1913, against Orientals.

The English-only movement has had many faces in American history. In the late 19th Century in Elizabeth, N.J., German was the object of scorn. But, unlike Miami and Spanish a century later, German won for a few years: All commission meetings were held in German. And the minutes, still in Elizabeth's municipal archives, were taken in German.

Xenophobia, yes indeed. Or have we forgotten how we treated Japanese Americans during World War II?

Only recently on TV news we saw faces of hate in Southern California — hatred against Mexican immigrants who threaten the status quo.

And last September The New York Times reported that the Hope Ranch Park Homes Association in Santa Barbara, Calif., amended its by-laws to restrict the use of guns to people who speak fluent English. I'm sure there were well-motivated people who argued that it was a good safety measure. But the moti-

PLEASE SEE FERRE, 6C



Ferre



FIAN ARROYO / Miami Herald

FIGHTING SMOKE WITH FIRE & SATIRE

Paid counter-advertising is needed to engage young people in a true understanding of the devastating economic and physical toll taken by tobacco use.

Alan Blum, M.D., formerly of Miami, is a Houston family physician and the founder of Doctors Ought to Care (DOC), a national health promotion organization. His article for The Herald is based on his testimony at a recent Senate hearing on efforts to combat tobacco use and promotion.

By ALAN BLUM

Last month, for the first time in 20 years, a U.S. Senate committee met to consider the subject of cigarette advertising and ways to combat it. The Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources held a hearing on a bill by Sen. Edward Kennedy, D-Mass., to establish a federally-funded Tobacco Education Center, a principal goal of which would be to purchase counter-advertising in the mass media to undermine the influence of tobacco promotions directed at young people.

That such a hearing was held at all

IS TARGETED ADVERTISING DEAD?, 1G

suggests not only that the tobacco industry may be losing clout on Capitol Hill but also that several sad and costly realities may have finally struck home:

■ The annual American death toll from tobacco-induced diseases is now nearly 400,000.

■ Heart disease, lung cancer and emphysema account for most deaths from smoking, but cancers of the tongue, vocal cords, esophagus, pancreas and cervix are also closely related to tobacco use, as is the need to amputate limbs due to poor circulation.

■ In spite of all the advances in medical technology, the survival rate for lung cancer has remained approximately the same as it was 30 years ago: Only one person in 20 will live five years or more after the diagnosis is made.

■ Lung cancer has now surpassed breast cancer as the leading cause of death among women.

■ Nor is lung cancer any longer a disease of old people. It is striking more and more men and women in

PLEASE SEE SMOKING, 4C



Blum

A larger-than-life biography of LBJ

Frank Davies is The Herald's associate news editor.

Reviewed by
FRANK DAVIES

When Robert Caro began his monumental biography of Lyndon Johnson more than a decade ago, he quickly learned how difficult it would be to dig to the truth about the larger-than-life Texan whose rise to the presidency was surrounded by myth and mystery.

He was interviewing Thomas "Tommy the Cork" Corcoran, a powerful Washington lawyer and confidant of President Roosevelt during the New Deal. Corcoran had helped a young, raw, pro-FDR congressman named



Davies

BOOKS

THE YEARS OF LYNDON JOHNSON: Means of Ascent
Robert A. Caro
Alfred Knopf; 506 pages, \$24.95

Johnson when he came to Capitol Hill in 1937; Caro wanted to know how this man had gained a foothold on national power so quickly.

"Money, kid," was Corcoran's gruff response. "Money," he said again. "But you're never going to be able to write about that. . . . Because you're never going to find anything in writing."

But Caro did. Sifting through hundreds of boxes of

PLEASE SEE LBJ, 7C



LBJ: '40s campaigning in Texas.